

— THE END OF THE WORLD IS NOT THE END

Will arise, we deserve mention
Yet for his sake we must be true
Bath a man and a woman
Then who would long the hour of change,
Because poor is his station:
'Tis he who bears the burden of the world
That grows to the burden of the world
That grows to the burden of the world

REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

I left my dear home with a sorrowful heart,
And faced life and death with a heavy heart,
To seek for the land of the living,
In a land far away from the living,
I parted from all who were dear to me,
Three sisters I love, and a brother,
And memory has sustained me through the year,
Which burst from the heart of the living,
And were it the first after her death she died,
How calm could I now think of her,
Though reckless I've been, yet all things are not dead,
In this heart which never ceased to be alive,
O! the sigh that she gave was a sigh which burst forth
From the inward presence of feeling,
And still in the midst of wild convulsions,
I list to the voice of the living,
From the hill's verdant side I took a look of the scene,
Of my youngest, my dearest, my only,
When a cloud intercepted the shining sun beam,
Like a fire with a holy light,
And what is existence if not of the dead,
Which should bind all mankind to each other,
When truth, love, and friendship is the world's life,
T'were better to quit for another